

PONOKA HERALD.

EUGENE RHIAN, Editor and Proprietor.

—A PROGRESSIVE PAPER IN A PROGRESSIVE TOWN.—

Subscription \$1.00 per year

VOLUME III.

PONOKA, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24 1902

NUMBER 8.

REAL ESTATE

WE transact all kinds of Real Estate Business.
Have the Largest List of land from which to select.

Improved & Unimproved Farms

We sell on small commission, do our own business, and by fair dealing meet all competition.
List your land with us for we buy and sell. All correspondence answered.

Arnold & Christie.

Is Your Farm for Sale?

IF IT IS, it will be to your advantage to list it with us. We are already making preparations for next spring's business, and are now making arrangements for extensive and efficient advertising for the winter season. We say it is to your interest to list with us because (1) We list farms at owner's prices; (2) We advertise them at owner's prices; (3) We sell them at owner's prices. This simply means that there will be no "tacking on", and your sale will not be blocked because of "rake off". If this method of doing business appeals to you let us know about it. It does not matter where your farm is situated we have facilities for handling it.

J. D. SKINNER, LACOMBE.



OUR LATEST ERUPTION

**Affects Everything
In Stock**

Old Stock Going. New Stock Arriving Every Day.

New Dry Goods.
New Boots and Shoes.
New Groceries.
All marked at low figures.

Car Flour just arrived. Call and get prices on winter supply.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

F. E. Alnar & Co.
The Postoffice Store.

Do You

**Want a watch for your wife,
Sister or Sweetheart?**

Our stock of Ladies' Watches, just received, is not surpassed in Alberta, quality and price considered.

Special Attention to Cleaning and Repriring.

Agates Full Stock—They're dandies—Right Prices.

Silverware Fine line Silver Novelties.

Ladies Chains, Bracelets and Necklaces.

REPAIRING

H. McDERMOTT.

An Important Matter.

One matter which should not escape the attention of the business men of Ponoka at this season is the condition of the road at the east of the wagon bridge over the river near the village. Those who have been here the past two summers distinctly remember the condition of the crossing at this place at the time. For a period of two weeks the river is impassable for teams and the only means people had of access to the town was by boats. A year ago last spring, we regret to say, private parties were allowed to run ferries and take many dollars from the people who were compelled to cross the river to spend their money with our business men. Last spring the business men awoke to their own interests and provided a free passage over the river by boats placed there for the purpose. But even this is most unsatisfactory and expensive to the business men. The same difficulty is almost certain to be encountered again in the early spring of the coming year, and to avoid this something should be done to prevent the overflowing of the road where a large percentage of the public traffic is compelled to travel. We have always had to meet the efforts of Lacombe to detract the trade from the east to that town, but the coming year we are also to be opposed by the people who are endeavoring to make of Morningside the trading point for the people to the east of us. With these forces against us and the uncertainty of a crossing of the river at this place Ponoka is in danger of losing a large share of the patronage which should rightfully go toward the upbuilding of our town.

The question now up to our business men is what is best to be done. One thing is sure and that is that the matter should not be left until next spring. It has been suggested that a grade be made from the bridge to the point where the water first begins to overflow the bank—a distance of perhaps forty rods. But a grade with no protection from the action of the water on the south side would hardly be a permanent removal of the difficulty. Piles should be driven and plank or brush put in to prevent the grade from washing. \$150 or \$200 expended under the supervision of a competent foreman would go a long way toward fixing this place which is bound to be a barren loss to the village for time to come.

Lord Minto, Governor-General of Canada, on Sunday, October 11, enjoyed a day's splendid shooting on the lakes near Moose Jaw. This may or may not have been all right in the eyes of the law, but it is the opinion of the common people that his Majesty is as much guilty of Sabbath desecration as well as an infraction of the game laws as would have been the humblest citizen who goes out on a quiet hunt on the Sabbath day. His Majesty has subjected himself to severe criticism by the Canadian people by this act of violating the very laws which he is supposed to see that the people of this country live in strict obedience to.

Young Cashel who escaped from the noted chief police from Calgary last week, so far as known at last reports, is still at large. That he is a shrewd lad there is no doubt, but this does not lessen the responsibility upon the worthy chief for his escape. Had this happened while the prisoner was in charge of a subordinate officer the public would no doubt have heard more of the matter, and the one in charge would then have been compelled to forfeit his stripes. In the language of one of our contemporaries the officer may take for his moral, "Don't be so cocksure of your victim next time".

Dont Forget It!

**Fairley's have the Largest
Assortment of Rubber
Goods in Town.**

Overshoes for men, women and children. Snag proof rubbers for men and boys. Rubber boots for men and boys. Shoe packs, oil tan for men and boys. These goods were bought before the advance in rubber goods and will be sold at a close margin. We have also a large stock of men's all-wool underwear which we are offering at very low prices. A full stock of mitts and gloves, fur caps and cloth caps.

**Always Something to Interest You
at Fairley's.**

**Highest Price Paid for Choice Butter
and Fresh Eggs.**

CALL AND SEE US.

Fairley & Co.'s

STOVES. STOVES. STOVES.

**A CARLOAD
JUST RECEIVED FROM
McClary's, London.**

Call and see us and get prices
if you want any kind of a stove
or range.

NOTHING LIKE THE FAMOUS "SUNSHINE" EURNACES.

Yours for
Trade...

W. H. SPACKMAN. Ponoka.

**GEO. B. HENWOOD.
ADVOCATE.**

Wetaskiwin, - - - Alberta.

Will be in Ponoka WEDNESDAYS.

Office with Arnold & Christie.

All Legal Business Promptly Executed.

THE HERALD.

Published at Ponoka, Alberta, every Friday morning.

EUGENE RHIAN, Proprietor.

All bills rendered the 1st of the month.

Subscription \$1.00 in advance.

All communications intended for publication in the current issue should reach this office the preceding Tuesday. Correspondence from surrounding country earnestly solicited. Advertising rates on application.

DIRECTORY.

D. C. Postoffice of Ponoka.

MAILS GOING NORTH CLOSE AT THIS OFFICE AS FOLLOWS:
Monday and Friday . . . 1:45 p. m.
Thursday . . . 3:40 p. m.

MAILS GOING SOUTH CLOSE
Tuesday, Thurs., Sat. . . 10:45 a. m.
Wednesday and Friday . . 10:20 a. m.
Office hours from 8 a. m. to 7 p. m.
F. E. ALGAR, P. M.

C. & E. Time Table.

GOING NORTH
Monday, Wed. & Friday . . 14:50 p. m.
Tues., Thurs. & Sat. . . 16:25 p. m.

GOING SOUTH
Monday, Wed. Friday . . 10:20 a. m.
Tuesday, Thurs. & Sat. . 11:10 a. m.

Ponoka Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. alternating every Sunday. Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 8:00 p. m. Wednesday evenings. All cordially invited. J. A. MAIR, Pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH. Services at 11:00 a. m. and at 7:00 p. m. alternating every Sunday. Sunday school at 10:00 a. m. Prayer meeting 8:00 p. m. on Friday evenings. The public cordially invited. THOS. P. PERRY, Pastor.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Services held first and third Sunday in each month at 3:00 p. m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC. Services in the school house at 10:30 on the first Sunday in each month.

PROFESSIONAL.

CHAS. PATCHETT.
UNDERTAKER.
Full stock of Funeral Goods.
Prices Moderate.
PONOKA . . . ALBERTA.

ALBERT E. SAGE
UNDERTAKER.
Full stock of Coffins and Caskets.
PONOKA . . . ALBERTA.

ANGUS A. DRINNAN.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office over McKinnell's Drug Store.
PONOKA . . . ALBERTA.

FRATERNAL.
CANADIAN ORDER of FORESTERS. Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month at 8:00 p. m. A cordial invitation to all visiting members.
WILLIAM M. JONES, Chief Ranger,
EUGENE RHIAN, R. S. & F. S.

JOHN C. RATHBUN.
Carpenter..
AND
..Builder.

Will contract for Complete Building or work by day.
ESTIMATES FURNISHED. PRICES RIGHT.
WORK GUARANTEED.
Enquire of A. REID or address me at Ponoka, Alberta.

W. D. PITCAIRN
Notary Public,
Conveyancer,
Auctioneer.
Naturalization Papers including Registration . . \$2.00.
Money to loan on improved town and farm property.
No Delay. Terms Reasonable.
CHIPMAN AVENUE.
Ponoka . . . Alberta.

Local and General.

The Weekly Round-Up of Items of Local and General Interest to Our Readers.

L. Hepe has leased the Holokoff property and has taken up his residence there.

Mrs. Alma Herrick left yesterday on an extended visit with relatives at Arvilla, N. D.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Bear, south west of the village are the parents of a bouncing son born last Friday.

Fine weather still continues, but winter is gradually closing in, and wise is the man who is prepared for it.

Frank Bachelder, an uncle of H. H. Hossimer, was here last week looking at the country, with which he is well pleased.

T. J. West has moved his barn, buggy shed and chicken house from his lot on Railway street to his lot on Aberdeen avenue.

M. L. Dewar left on Wednesday for Ontario where he goes to take charge of a saw mill in partnership with his brother. His wife and child will follow in a few weeks.

Indications are now that Ponoka will have a member of the police here soon. Major Belcher was here the fore part of the week making inquiries regarding a suitable place for use as barracks.

Wm. Snell is assisting in the finishing work on the Algar building for a few days. Although he has not done much at the trade lately Mr. Snell has served a good many years at the carpenter's trade during his time.

An appropriation of \$100 from the local improvement tax is being expended on the road in the Concord school district under the supervision of Chas. Scheirer. A considerable improvement in the road in that vicinity will be the result.

A canoeing party expects to spend a few days at Battle lake next week. They will be equipped with two canoes, several thousand shells, a complete camping outfit and all other requisites for an enjoyable time.

J. F. Feiser, of Knox, Ind., was here last week and secured a half section of C. P. R. land in 41-24. After contracting with Henry Hossimer for the erection of a house 16x20 and a barn 20x24, he left for home Wednesday to prepare to move here.

F. C. Case this week moved his building opposite the Hotel Leland onto the former site of the Alberta House. It will be fitted up for a real estate office. Pete Horn and Billy Dewilde engineered the job of moving and proved themselves to be quite expert in this line.

Another example of the productivity of Alberta's climate in the animal world is given us by J. W. Christie, who has four calves from one cow all born inside of a twelvemonth. The quartet consists of two pairs of twins and all four are large healthy calves and may be seen at Mr. Christie's fine farm southeast of Ponoka.

The old church property, consisting of two lots and log building, of the Presbyterian church on Smith avenue was purchased this week by Henry Dick for a consideration of \$450. This is the first step by the association toward the erection of a new church edifice which they will begin in the early spring on their site near the school house.

W. D. Pitcairn and N. A. Wiltse returned Tuesday evening from a five days' trip to the country east of Ponoka which during the past few months has attracted such a large settlement. What is known as the Willow Creek and Buffalo lake countries were both viewed as well as several miles beyond. On every hand were evidences of growth and development of the country. Good improvements are now seen where a short time since was only waste prairie.

The town has been afflicted with a kerosine famine the past couple of weeks.

J. M. Bird is out at John Wilson's thirty miles east finishing his residence.

The two little children of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Stretch are reported quite ill.

J. P. Horn is having a story and half addition built to his residence. J. Simington is doing the work.

J. A. Coulson was in Saturday for the first time in several weeks he being very busy fall plowing, of which he has a large acreage done.

It is whispered that wedding bells will soon be again heard in the village, when one of our industrious young men will take unto himself a life partner.

Rev. Ellis preached in the Methodist church Sunday morning and in the school house in the afternoon. Rev. Mair held services in the Dakota school district.

Fall plowing is the order of the day and the farmers are very busy. A large acreage will be ready for crop next spring. Many farmers have from thirty to sixty acres plowed.

Jonas Prius was in town Monday, the first time in several weeks, he having been laid up with an attack of rheumatism, from which we are glad to report he is recovering.

E. Ingham was in town Tuesday retailing some fine cabbage, of which he has nearly 3000 heads. Among the lot was one head weighing sixteen pounds, while others were nearly as large and he says there are still larger ones in his garden.

Mr. and Mrs. Posey, six miles east of town mourn the loss of their bright little four-year-old boy who departed this life last Thursday night. The disease was pronounced scarlet fever by the attending physician and to prevent infection the funeral was conducted privately Friday evening. The home is now under quarantine.

To Our Subscribers.

In view of the late expenditure of money in the additions to the HERALD plant we are compelled to urge upon our subscribers for a remittance of all overdue accounts. A great many subscriptions expired on September 1 and still remain unpaid. A payment of all arrears by the first of December will be very greatly appreciated. These sums are separately small but in the aggregate amount to a considerable sum.

Horse Blankets.

This is the season for horse covers. We have a large line of good fitting horse blankets all of latest designs and newest fastenings. Call and get a supply for the winter.
DODD BROS.

OUR ESSENCES

VANILLA,
LEMON,
PINEAPPLE,
ALMONDS,
STRAWBERRY, etc.

Are full strength and just what you want in the kitchen.

A TRIAL
WILL CONVINCE,

R. W. MCKINNELL,

Druggist. - - Ponoka.

HYLOPLATE BLACKBOARD.

Just what you must have in that new school house, CHEAP.

...C. C. Reed.

J. G. Armstrong & Co. BANKERS.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
FARM LOANS AND INSURANCE.

PONOKA, - - - ALBERTA.

A. L. Fairfield

Ponoka Meat Market.

All kinds of Fresh and Cured Meats on hand,

Highest Market Price Paid for all kinds of... **Live Stock.**

...HENRY HERTZ...

—DEALER IN—

Wholesale -:- Liquors.

A Fine Line of Liquors at wholesale. Cigars, Tobacco, Cigarettes, etc. at Retail.

PONOKA, - - ALTA.

New House and Newly Furnished Rates: \$1 and \$2 per day.

Hotel Leland

SELLARS & McCUE, Props.

Special Attention to Commercial Trade. **Ponoka, Alta.**

The Bar is stocked with a Fine Stock of Liquors and Cigars.

The De LaVal

The Prince of Cream Separators.

Skims the cleanest; runs the easiest.

EUGENE RHIAN, Agent.

See Here!!

Last and Best Plums of the Season.

Large Yellow Egg Plum \$1.25 a Crate.

Next Door to HERALD OFFICE.

B. C. Groat.

Licensed Auctioneer

CLINTON C. REED

NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER,
REAL ESTATE.

CONVEYANCING AND ALL FORMS OF LEGAL BLANKS DRAWN.

"The Real Estate Man." SUB-AGENT DOMINION LANDS. AGENT BIRKBECK SAVINGS CO.

Local and General.

The Weekly Round-Up of Items of Local and General Interest to Our Readers.

"He put his arm around her waist
And the color left her cheek;
But upon the shoulder of his coat
It showed up for a week."

C. H. Stratton has started his steam threshing rig for the season.

D. N. Kilroy and wife were down from their farm in 43-27 the first of the week.

F. W. Tracy, late of Edmonton, now has charge of the tuning department of the Allan hardware.

Cook & Zuehlke have their new planer in operation now and are busy planing and matching lumber at their mill.

Robt. Heckley, the genial Crown Tailoring man, was here a couple of days and did a good business in suits and fall coats and jackets.

Arthur Holben threshed last week. He had over 2700 bushels of grain, all of good quality. His wheat made thirty bushels per acre.

Luthern church services will be conducted at Chas. Gherke's on October 26 by Rev. Gruber, who expects to soon locate in that section.

J. Milbourne was a pleasant caller at our office on Monday. We are glad the old gentleman is now enjoying good health, having been quite poorly for a considerable length of time.

Amassy Driggs was up from his fine farm half way to Lacombe on Monday in search of young Cashel who eloped with his family saddle pony. Mr. Driggs, like other enterprising farmers, has been busy plowing and has eighty acres ready for crop in the spring.

John Grefson and Fred Foy, two cattle ranchers from Douglas, Wyoming, were piloted over the east country the first of the week, by Government Land Guide Trimble. They homesteaded the east 4-41-17 and are here to stay.

Robert Bunn does not claim to be much of a farmer, devoting the most of his time to carpentering, but last week he threshed the barley he grew on five acres of land and received 300 bushels of first class grain. Bob is pretty well pleased with his experiences.

Harry Patterson, the genial representative of Messrs. Miller & Richard, the famous Scotch Type Founders, spent a day in Ponoka and is furnishing the HERALD with a fine new Webster gasoline engine and complete outfit of shafting for running the HERALD press by power.

The HERALD wishes to begin the new year with a largely increased subscription list. Especially do we desire that all adjacent to Ponoka read their local paper. As a special offer we will give every person receiving mail at this office, the HERALD from now till January 1, 1903, for one dollar.

A noticeable feature of passenger traffic now-a-days is the large number of commercial travellers visiting all the towns on the C. & E. branch and main lines of railroad. It is an indication that general trade is good throughout the country and prospects are bright for a good year's business.

The HERALD this week placed an order for a gasoline engine with which to run our press which has heretofore been a laborious task and which requires a great deal of time. We are putting a considerable amount of money into our plant here and only our faith in Ponoka and Alberta prompts us to do this. We hope we may not be disappointed and that we will eventually be repaid for the energy and expense expended in our attempt to do fair justice to the newspaper and job printing interests of this district. The co-operation and aid of our patrons will be required in this our latest and very large expenditure and we hope this will be forthcoming without further request from us.

B. C. Groat spent the past week in Edmonton.

Cole & Linton have begun painting the Sage block.

The infant girl of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ball, who was so low last week is now gradually convalescing.

Miss Mary Wright, of Owen Sound, Ont., arrived last week and this week began teaching in the Dakota school district in 43-27.

Rev. T. P. Perry is slowly recovering from his illness of last week. He has been up and around the house since the first of the week.

Herbert Stretch had a valuable horse quite severely injured last Sunday. While hitching on to a buggy the animal was caught in the flank by the clip on the single tree and before being freed from it an ugly gash was torn in the hip.

The little fifteen-months-old girl of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Aylwin had the misfortune to become severely scalded last Sunday afternoon. The little one while playing around the stove in some way tipped the coffee pot upon her, burning her in the breast and over the body. The little one's suffering was ended only in death, which came as a relief on Tuesday. The funeral occurred to Forest Home cemetery Wednesday forenoon.

A suit for damages was brought in justice court before C. D. Algar, J. P., Monday morning, with Henry Hertz as plaintiff and with Mr. Zuehlke as defendant. Owing to absence of certain witnesses the case was indefinitely postponed. This suit is the outgrowth of the breaking down of a private bridge on the farm of the plaintiff by the crossing of the Cook & Zuehlke saw mill engine last spring.

W. H. Franklin and son, Bert, were pleasant visitors at this office. Mr. Franklin is located five miles east of Morningside where he located three years ago the first of last May, coming to Alberta from Michigan. He and his sons own all of section 28-42-24 and are abundantly satisfied with their experiences here. Monday he was enroute home after having done some carpenter work for E. R. Matten northwest of town.

Trimble Bros. have taken the contract for grading and filling in Herchermer street and have already done a large part of the work. With this street graded a very marked improvement will be made in the central portion of the village and property on that street will in consequence be considerably enhanced in value. The work is being done by private subscriptions. Ponoka is destined to become the most attractive village along the line.

Ernest Cashel who was arrested here last week and who jumped from the train near Red Deer and thus escaped from the chief police of Calgary has again been heard of but not yet captured. Last Friday a boy of his description stopped at the home of Amassy Driggs about half way between here and Lacombe. He was without coat and vest and told Mr. Driggs that his pony had broken away from him with his coat and vest and all his money tied to the saddle, and asked Mr. Driggs for assistance. The good nature and geniality of Mr. Driggs at once prompted him to fit the lad out with clothing and place in his charge his favorite saddle pony and saddle which the boy agreed to return the next day—Saturday. Mr. Driggs waited until Monday when he notified the authorities from the description given it was almost certain he was the same lad who had escaped on Wednesday. The police were here Monday and Tuesday making inquiries. It was learned that the lad had been at the residence of John Coleman last Friday evening. So far, however, the authorities have been unable to locate him.

A New Store.

Messrs. A. L. Fairfield and W. Warnock have purchased the lot and building formerly occupied by E. R. Sage's furniture and will soon put in a stock of boots and shoes and gent's furnishings.

Sabbath School Convention.

The Alberta Sabbath School Association will hold its annual convention in the Methodist church at Red Deer on Nov. 19 and 20, beginning at 2:30 p. m. on first day. The territorial association embraces four districts—Edmonton, Red Deer, Calgary and McLeod. The association pledges at least \$20 a year to the support of the International Sabbath School Association.

Asker:

Asker Threshing Co. started up their rig this week at A. Woyen's place.

Elof Einar and Henry Krefling were over to M. Embertson's place across the lake last week and helped him finish up stacking. Threshing is in full swing over on that side.

Goose shooting seems to be the main sport these days. O. Krefling shot four big fellows one day last week.

We are glad to note that T. Wettré is again able to show his face among us after his long illness.

The Krefling boys have taken the job of fencing one of C. C. Reed's quarter sections out here.

Notice.

All settlements for Sharphead Indian Reserve land may be made at this office free of charge including all correspondence.

CLINTON C. REED.

Notice.

Parties are hereby notified not to do any hunting on the northeast 4-25-42-25 and the southeast 4-30-42-25 under penalty of prosecution.

J. Y. WININGS

Lost.

On the road between Ponoka and five miles east on Sunday night, Oct. 5, a light broadax. Finder suitably rewarded at this office or by

W. O. BATES.

For Sale.

Forty acres, 2 miles from town, all in cultivation, fenced, first class land, good buildings, clear title. Price \$1000, half cash, balance in one year.

W. D. PITCAIRN
Real Estate Agent
Ponoka.

Lost. \$10 Reward

From Wataskiwin on Oct. 5th 1902, two horses, one is bay, white on face and four legs, branded O-A on left shoulder; the other is buckskin, black mane and tail, branded K. Were last seen going south going through the Reserve. \$10 reward.

JOHN BOCK,
Wataskiwin, Alta.

Notice.

To whom it may concern:—All parties in arrears for taxes due the Ponoka school district No. 423 are hereby notified that Albert E. Sage has been appointed as collector for these taxes. All taxes due the district must be paid without further delay. These funds are badly needed to defray the expenses of the school and this request must be complied with.

By order of Trustees Ponoka School District No. 423.

For Sale.

One eight-horse steam engine and one eight-inch butt feed grinder, also one steel frame circular wood saw new last year. Price reasonable. Inquire at HERALD office or of

FRANK SCOTT.

The Weekly Free Press for one year and twenty-two admirable painting reproductions, one dollar or forward \$1.75 to this office, and we will have the Weekly Free Press, the paintings and the PONO-KA HERALD sent to you. If you are a new subscriber, your subscription to the Free Press will be marked paid to 1st of January, 1904. Subscribe for the Weekly Free Press for general, and the PONO-KA HERALD for local, and you will get all the news.

MONEY TO LOAN.

JOHN McKENTY, Representing

The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation.

The Best Company in America to do business with.

NO COMMISSION. NO DELAY. LEAST EXPENSE.

Communication invited.

Opposite McLeod's store.

JOHN McKENTY,

REAL ESTATE

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER.

Financial Broker.

...LACOMBE, Alta.

GRAIN SACKS...

At Lower Prices than
You have paid before.

A FULL STOCK OF

General Merchandise.

AT PONOKA PRICES.

At the
Fairbank Postoffice.

W. J. EARL.

W. E. TURNER & CO.

Dealers in

Native and Coast Lumber.

SASH, DOORS, MOULDINGS,
SHINGLES AND LATH.

PRICES AS LOW AS GOOD GOODS WILL ALLOW.

Ponoka, Alta.

...Brick House...

...Newly Furnished.

...Everything strictly First-Class...

ROYAL HOTEL.

ANDERSON & DEA,
Proprietors.

The bar is stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars. The cuisine is equal to the leading hotels in Alberta. Special attention to commercial trade. Rates \$1 to \$2 per day.

Pioneer
Barn.



DRAYING
Promptly
DONE.

W. M. JONES, Prop.

C. P. R. LAND GUIDE.

Special attention to care of FARMERS' TEAMS.

Promptness - always - our - Specialty.

W. R. Courtright & Son,
THE LEADING
Lumber Dealers.

MOLINE FARM IMPLEMENTS
DEERING HARVESTING MACHINERY

Also represent the WAWANESA MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

John Simington

CARPENTER

—AND—

CONTRACTOR

...Fine Inside Work a Specialty...

Estimates Cheerfully Given.

...All Work Guaranteed.

CHIPMAN AVENUE, PONOKA.

BOWSER AFTER ROOTS

FINDS HE NEEDS OLD FASHIONED SPRING BEER FOR HIS SYSTEM.

He Goes Out to Do Some Digging and Battles With a Farmer—Latter Is Convinced That the Searcher's Actions Are Suspicious.

[Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.]

IT was a morning of glad sunshine and soft skies and singing birds, but Mr. Bowser got up feeling lousy. At breakfast he had little appetite, and he dragged his legs as he went up stairs, and Mrs. Bowser finally said:

"I think you ought to let up on smoking for a week or so and get the nicotine out of your system."

"What has smoking to do with it?" he at once demanded.

"I think you smoke too much. It may be, however, that you have grown too fat again."

"Too fat again! When was I ever too fat before? There isn't an ounce of ex-



tra fat on me, and you know it. You seem to want to pick a fuss this morning."

"I don't wish that, of course, but if I were you I'd get a tonic or something. I'm quite sure your blood is out of order."

Mr. Bowser looked at his tongue in the glass over the mantel, dallied with a plume on his chin and finally turned and observed:

"What's the matter with me is that spring is here, and I need an old-fashioned tonic made of roots. It's worth forty times anything a doctor can prescribe. I used to always dig the roots for mother when I was a boy. She made a sort of beer of it, and it was the greatest thing for the blood you ever saw."

"Well, you might engage a farmer to dig you some roots," suggested Mrs. Bowser, though feeling certain in advance of his answer.

"I think I see myself! I don't care to die of poison just yet. What I propose to do is to take the day off and go out after my own roots. I want dandelion, sarsaparilla, assafras, sweet cicely, spiceweed and several other kinds, and the walk will also do me good. I can show the cook how to make a keg of beer, and it'll be the thing for both of us."

"Very well, but of course you'll be careful. It is many years since you were a boy."

"Yes, a thousand or more," he sarcastically replied after a glare at her. "If you didn't take advantage of every possible occasion to call me a relic of the Mayflower, you wouldn't be happy. However, if I don't happen to know sarsaparilla from thistle I'll take the consequences."

Mrs. Bowser had nothing further to say, while the cat sat up with a solemn look on her face, and Mr. Bowser donned an old suit of clothes and got a basket and a spade and started out on his trip. He looked quite happy as he fairly got started, and he paid no attention to the two or three wicked boys who yelled after him and wanted to know if he was going out to dig for woodchucks. A yellow car was soon speeding him countryward, and his lousy feeling was quickly replaced by a picky one. He enjoyed every moment of the run to the terminus, and he would have gone on looking for bluebirds if the conductor hadn't poked his nose in. He was a man working for \$1.68 a day and consequently had no sentiment about him.

"You don't expect to find claims out this way, do you?" he asked as Mr. Bowser got off the car.

"Who said I did?" was the reply.

"Nobody. I only judged so from your looks. You'll be disappointed old man. Used to be millions of 'em roosting in the trees, but an epidemic of whooping cough came along and choked 'em to death. You might run down a mud turtle, though, if your wind is good."

Mr. Bowser was hopping mad in a minute, and he put down basket and spade with the idea of punching the man's head. Then he suddenly realized that it was Mrs. Bowser's fault and that he'd make her pay for it when he got home, and he picked up his utensils and journeyed on. Spring was certainly at hand. He saw robins flitting, and he found mudholes twenty feet across. He saw lambs frolicking and fell off a fence and split his coat up the

back. The buds were bursting into blossom and the meadows taking on a vivid green, but these things were somewhat offset by an old one horned cow running him along the highway for a quarter of a mile and splashing him with mud from head to heel. It was only after an hour's walk that Mr. Bowser gained the primeval forest. It was primeval because there was as much as three acres of it, and the acres were under mortgage altogether and under water to a large extent. However, it was in the primeval forest that he used to dig roots when he was a bounding boy, and he looked around him with expectancy. The mud dried on his eyebrows and the water squashed out of his shoes as he searched around, but he didn't permit those trifling incidents to interrupt the harmony of the occasion. It was only when he paused before a milkweed plant that was getting ready for a spring boom that he began to doubt his knowledge of rootology. He was digging it up to see whether it was sarsaparilla or sweet flag when the old farmer who owned the primeval, subject to mortgage, came that way looking for a stray hog.

"What ye lookin' for?" he queried, with suspicion in his tones.

"Roots," brusquely replied Mr. Bowser—"roots to make a spring beer for the blood."

"And do ye want milkweed and skunk's cabbage to make yer tonic? Them's the only kind as grows around here. Who be ye anyhow?"

"My name is Bowser."

"I never heard of it before, but I don't like the sound of it. Sounds like the name of a man who'd steal hogs. I'd be much obliged to ye if ye'd root yerself out of this."

"I want to find some spring roots," protested Mr. Bowser as he choked his anger back; "sarsaparilla, spiceweed, assafras and so forth. You must have heard of root beer. Our mothers used to make it for the blood, you know."

"Yes, I may hev," replied the farmer, "but I've also heard of hog thieves. I've missed a spotted hog, and if ye've stole him I'll feller ye to state prison."

"Say, you old pudding head, do you mean to insult me?" shouted the root seeker as he boiled over at last.

"Git outer my woods or it'll be the wuss for ye!"

"I won't do it!"

"Then I'll make ye!"

There was a mortal combat. The farmer was the oldest and had a bow to his back, but Mr. Bowser was the fastest and had less wind. It was an even thing for five minutes, and then Mr. Bowser got up and climbed the fence and started for home, leaving spade and basket and the farmer behind. He had been rolled in the ponds of water, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon a dilapidated, dejected something appeared in the front hall of the Bowser mansion without having rung the bell. Mrs. Bowser looked at it, and the cat looked at it, and while they were still peering and wondering it suddenly uttered these words:

"Woman, your murderous plot has been laid bare in all its wickedness, and you and I will have a settlement this evening!"

Then it dragged itself up stairs, and the cat winked at Mrs. Bowser and Mrs. Bowser smiled in return.

M. QUAD.

Unsuspecting Victim.



The Mosquito—After you, my dear Alphonse.—New York Journal.

A Question of Notes.

"Yes, sir," said the man with a frayed collar, "that land is worth \$1,800 a foot, and only a year ago I could have bought it for a song."

"But you couldn't sing, eh?" chuckled the funny man.

The man with the frayed collar eyed him distantly and laughily and replied in cold, cutting tones:

"Oh, I could sing, but I couldn't get the right notes!"

And the funny man looked as crushed as an overripe strawberry at the bottom of the basket.—Exchange.

Must Have Thought Her Old.

Miss Clara—I declare I was never so insulted in my life. Oh, how I hate him!

Miss Angie—Whom?

Miss Clara—That young snip of a Dashiway.

Miss Angie—What has he done?

Miss Clara—Why, he asked me this afternoon if I thought there was much difference between the people ten years ago and now. Just think—ten years!

UNCLE JERRY'S CONSENT

... BY C. B. LEWIS

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Jeremiah Mead, farmer, money lender, bargain driver and tight fluted citizen of Blair county, had earned the name of a hard man. His wife was submissive to servility. His son George, their only child, had grown up in fear of him and after reaching his majority still worked on without wages.

Jeremiah had foreclosed mortgages without mercy, he had lent money at usurious interest, and no one could remember a neighborly act on his part. Uncle Jerry, as he was called, knew that he was in bad odor all over the county, but he rather gloried in it.

It was seldom that the son George had a dollar of his own or a day's vacation, but he made few complaints, no matter what he thought of the situation. Having none of the father's characteristics, he was a general favorite, as far as people knew him. At



ONE MOVE OF HIS HAND WOULD HAVE RESULTED IN A THOUSAND STINGS.

the age of twenty-one he had never spoken to five members of the opposite sex and was as bashful as a girl of sixteen.

The crisis of his young life occurred one day when, driving sheep over to the Rawsonville market, he passed the farmhouse of the Widow Blair. He was just in time to assist the hired man, the widow and her daughter Polly to extinguish a fire in the barn. Although he hurried on as soon as possible, he had left his heart behind with Polly.

Nothing was said about his adventure when he returned home, and bashful as he was he had managed to see Polly half a dozen times and excite her interest before the news reached the father's ears. After a little reflection Uncle Jerry went to the field where George was hoeing potatoes.

"Look here, George. It's about time you got married. The house is big enough for another family, and of course you have no thoughts of leaving home. I guess you'd better shine up to Jim Taylor's gal. She ain't much on looks, as I'll allow, but I've heard she was a great worker. There's going to be a circus in Rawsonville next week, and I don't mind giving you a dollar to take her along."

George managed to reply that he didn't think he'd get married for awhile yet.

"Well, there's no hurry, of course, but lemme tell you something. I've heard that you was casting sheep's eyes toward the Widder Blair's. You might as well quit that. I'd rather see you in your grave than married into that family."

"Isn't the widow a nice woman?" asked George.

"No, sir, she ain't!" decisively replied the father. "I had two lawsuits with her about ten years ago, and she bent me in both. I'd also have got the prize on hogs at the county fair last year if she hadn't had six of hers there. She's the last woman on earth I want related to me. Better go over to Taylor's tonight and ask Sarah to go to the circus with you."

But George didn't, and a month later he almost paralyzed his father by saying:

"Dad, I have asked Polly Blair to marry me, and she has consented."

"Jerusha, but you don't mean it!" shouted the father as he jumped clear off the ground.

"I do," was the quiet reply.

"But you can't marry her, George. I forbid you to. I'll never give my consent to any such thing. If you want to marry, go over and ask Sarah Taylor to have you."

"I'll never do it!"

There was open rebellion at last, the first time the son had ever questioned parental authority. Uncle Jerry's first thought was to lock the boy up in the

smokehouse, the next to threaten to disinheret him. Then his shrewdness came to his aid, and he said:

"We won't say no more about it just now, but when we come to have a talk I guess we can agree."

Three days later he drove up to the Widow Blair's. He intended to pitch in so vigorously that the widow and her daughter would order him off the place and his son after him. As he drove up he saw the widow out in the orchard and heard her drumming on a tin pan. He turned in that direction. He was thinking of how he should open the matter when something buzzed past his ear, and ten seconds later he found his head in a circling cloud of bees. One of the widow's hives was swarming. No matter whether the bees took him for a rosebush or a sunflower, they began settling down on his head and shoulders. In five minutes he was almost hidden from sight and perfectly helpless. One move of his hand would have resulted in a thousand stings.

"Well, Uncle Jerry," said the widow as she carefully advanced, "I was rather expecting you. I am glad you've come. I suppose you want to talk about George and Polly getting married?"

"Y-yes," softly replied the caller. "I came to say that I have told George it mustn't be."

"Oh, you did! Well, I quite agree with you, and you can go back home."

"But how can I go?"

"Any way you wish. If you carry the bees home, I hope you'll bring them back tomorrow."

"But I can't do it!" he wailed. "I don't move a foot. If the bees get mad, I'm a dead man!"

"Yes, to be sure, but I've got other work on hand. I don't think you'll have to stand here over a week before the bees will find the new hive."

"Lord, widder, but you won't leave me in this fix! You couldn't have the heart to do it!"

"Oh, it's no use to talk about hearts!" she replied. "George and Polly have both got hearts, but it's nothing to us. I wonder just how many bees are hanging to your right ear!"

"Millions, widder, millions," he hoarsely whispered, "and millions more to my hat and hair and chin! Can't they be scraped off?"

"Not today, Uncle Jerry. I hear you don't like me."

"But I do. You beat me in them lawsuits, but you ought to, I guess."

"But you don't like Polly."

"Yes, I do. Polly is the nicest girl in all this county."

"She is that, but how you move about! You must stand as steady as a tree. Yes, Polly is a nice girl."

"But do something for me!" he entreated.

"How can I? You don't like me, and you don't want George and Polly to marry, and—"

"Widder Blair," came the whispered words from amid the bees, "I like you, I like Polly."

"And George?"

"He may marry Polly tomorrow. Hang it, only get these bees off'n me, and George and me will marry the hull caboodle of you before sundown!"

Uncle Jerry's word was considered as good as his bond, and half an hour later, by careful manipulation, the bees were hived and he was free to go. Pale faced and weak in the knees, he drove into the barnyard, calling to his son:

"George go over to the Widder Blair's tonight and ask Polly if she'll be ready to marry you a week from today!"

An Obliging Caller.

When M. Clemenceau was in the French chamber of deputies, he became for some reason the idol of the workman, but his popularity, according to the course of nature, brought its penalties. He was besieged by all sorts of people, who came merely to ask questions, and sometimes they were questions of the most trivial sort.

He was originally a doctor and used to give advice for nothing at certain hours of the day. One morning a workman entered his room, and Clemenceau said without looking up from his writing:

"Take off your coat and shirt. I'll attend to you directly."

Three minutes later he found the man had stripped to the waist.

"There is nothing the matter with you," said the doctor when he had made an examination.

"I know there isn't!" returned the man.

"Then what did you come for?"

"To consult you on a political question."

"But what did you strip for?"

"I thought you wanted an illustration of the emaciated body of the man who lives by the sweat of his brow."

The political question remained unanswered. M. Clemenceau was too exasperated to do more than tell the man to dress and go home.

A Horned Man.

In the annals of the French academy there is an account of one Pietro le Dillo, or "Peter the Devil," who had three horns on his head; two as large as those of a good sized ram, one behind each ear, and one straight one nine and a half inches long, growing from his forehead.

Took a Slow Train.

"I want to go to Lancaster," said a nervous looking old woman as she peered through at the ticket seller in the Broad street station. "Will you kindly tell me when the next train goes?"

"The next train leaves at 11:40," was the reply.

"And when does it reach Lancaster?" asked the old woman.

"It's a two hour express; gets there at 1:40."

"Goodness me! I don't like to travel so fast. I'm afraid of accidents."

"No danger at all, undam, I assure you."

"But surely you have slower trains."

"Oh, yes; there's one at 12:40, that doesn't get to Lancaster until 3:10."

"Well, I guess I'll wait for that one. There's no use in taking any unnecessary risks."

And she bought her ticket to Lancaster and sat down to wait for the slow train.—Philadelphia Record.

Famous Rubies.

The largest ruby known is one mentioned by Chardin as having been engraved with the name of Sheikh Septiy. Another noble ruby is in possession of the sultan of Persia. Its weight is put at 175 carats. A third, belonging to the king of Usapar, was cut into a hemispherical form and in 1623 was bought for \$13,800. A ruby possessed by Gustavus Adolphus and presented to the czarina at the time of his journey to St. Petersburg was the size of a small hen's egg.

The Driver Ants.

The driver ants of Africa are so called because they drive before them while on march all other living creatures, no animal being able to withstand them. No beast, however formidable, dares to cross their track, and they will destroy in a single night all the pigs and fowls on a farm.

Parrot Traps.

The natives of Koto island, in the African Kamerun mountains, catch parrots by covering the branches on which the birds roost with a vegetable glue.

Muscle and Plants.

A musician in New York asserts that not only animals, but plants, have a passion for sweet music, and a Boston musician avers that when he plays harmonica his sensitive plant stretches abroad, drinking in the music like sunshine. If, on the other hand, he strikes a discord, the plant trembles and closes.

Plows.

So long ago as 1618 David Ramsey and Thomas Wildgoose took out a patent for engines and machinery to plow ground without horses.

Why Diamonds Are Liked.

The diamond was reputed as a preserver against epidemics and poisons. It calms anger and fomenta conjugal love. The ancients called it "the stone of reconciliation." It symbolizes constancy, strength and innocence.

Doctors in Sweden.

Doctors in Sweden never send bills to their patients. They cheerfully accept whatever sums the patients choose to give them.

Seeding Raisins.

Rub a little butter on the fingers and on the knife when seeding raisins to avoid the stickiness.

Tea Bricks.

Bricks of tea once were current in Russia and Siberia. The tea was of poor quality, merely the scrapings and leavings pressed into brick form. Frequently the little bricks were used as money and were exchanged for horses or cattle.

Portsmouth Harbor.

There has existed a harbor at Portsmouth, England, resorted to by fighting ships from the most ancient times in our history. The Romans undoubtedly used it when they had their stronghold at Portchester, and they appear to have named it Portus Magnus, or the Great Port. The footsteps of the Roman provincials and of the Saxons and Normans may be traced, and from these times onward the name of Portsmouth occurs frequently in our history. The place had attained some measure of importance in the reign of Henry I. Richard Cœur de Lion set sail thence when last he left the shores of his kingdom, and in the time of his successor a naval establishment existed at the port.—London Globe.

Barley Gruel.

A barley gruel made of boiling two tablespoonfuls of barley in a quart of water for two hours till it is reduced one-half is a nutritious and excellent food, which may be sweetened and flavored to the taste.

Houses of Lava.

On the west side of Mount Etna there are several villages in the midst of former lava streams and with all the houses built of lava.

How a Chameleon Looks.

Upon a crimson cloth the chameleon becomes almost crimson. Move it up on a gray surface, and the bright tints will quickly subside, but at night, whether disturbed or not, it invariably assumes its palest tints.

MRS. DOLBY'S TALKS

SHE HAS A FEW WORDS TO SAY TO THE DEACON.

He Is Told That He Is Going to the Dogs at a Very Rapid Pace, but Has Nothing to Say in Defense of His Case.

[Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.] Mrs. DOLBY had been down to the postoffice after supper, and upon returning he found Mrs. Dolby seated on the piazza with her spectacles on and a grim look around her mouth. He tender heartedly brushed a bug away that he might not crush it and sat down, with a sigh, and after a long look at him over her glasses Mrs. Dolby said: "Zadok Dolby, I've got a few words to say to you, and you know I'm a woman who talks right out when she has



"STANDIN' IN FRONT OF A LOT OF CIRCUS PICTURES."

anything to say. You are a deacon in the church, but deacons want talkin' to now and then as well as other folks. Three or four mornin' ago you woke up and found a hog in the garden. You jumped for a club and ran him four times about the place, and just as he went through a hole in the fence you brought him a whack and said somethin' to yourself. What it was I dunno, but that hog turned around and looked at you in amazement, and I heard a boy laugh out and clap his hands. Zadok, I've got my suspicions--I've got my suspicions that after bein' a livin' example for forty years you are gettin' tired of your job and want to become wicked and go to hoss races and county conventions."

Mr. Dolby hitched about uneasily and pulled at the leaves of the Virginia creeper running up beside him, but did not defend himself. He was allowed to have three minutes to do it in, and then Mrs. Dolby set her foot to trotting and went on: "One afternoon last week you was saunterin' about the back yard with your hands behind you and a contented look on your face. I was lookin' at you and thinkin' what a good man you was when you stepped on a blade of a hoe and the handle flew up and fetched you a whack on the head. You rubbed the spot, gave one look around, and then you kicked in the head of the old vinegar barrel and said somethin' as many as five times over. I couldn't catch the words, but my blood run cold for the next hour. Ever since then I've been askin' myself if I'm livin' with a man who may begin to chaw terbacker and bet on elections any mornin' in the year. Only last night I dreamed you had been churched for swearin' and that we was dividin' up the things and I was goin' home."

Mr. Dolby started to sigh, but saw two grasshoppers engaged in deadly combat on the ground and checked it to watch the struggle. He was mentally putting up a plunk that the cock eyed hopper would win over the old baldhead when Mrs. Dolby put on a more severe look and continued: "I'm no hand to bring up things, Zadok, as you know, but I'm a truthful person and don't beat about the bush. You had never been to a circus when we got married, and you have never been to one since. You allus said that Satan and the circus was twin brothers. I know they have been postin' up bills for a circus that's comin' to town in two weeks, but I've been careful not to look at 'em. I've felt it my duty as your wife to turn my head away when I passed the pictur's, and if there had been any feelin' that I'd like to see the elephant I've come home and washed my mouth out with pepper sass. Yes, I've done all this, Zadok, but how is it with you? It wasn't three days ago that Mrs. Graham saw you standin' in front of a lot of circus pictur's, and you was so wrapped up in 'em that you didn't hear her speak to you. She said she'd bet you'd sneak off to the performance at night if you wasn't afraid everybody would see you. She didn't tell it to be mean, but she thought it was her duty. When a deacon begins to go down hill, his wife had better look out. He's liable to murder her any day. Zadok, if Satan has got hold of you I want to know it. I want to help you to wrangle with him. Have you a feelin' that you'd like to go to the circus?"

The grasshopper fight was ended by this time, with cockeye as victor, and Mr. Dolby had been asked a straight question. He didn't answer, however. There was a wistful look on his face, and the memory of those pictures rose up before him, but he sighed softly and wondered if the hen that was trying to crowd under the gate would accomplish the feat. "And what did my brother Moses have to tell me three or four days ago?" asked Mrs. Dolby as a touch of pathos came to her tone. "Moses is no hand to tell things. When his cow died two years ago, he never said a word about it for weeks. He didn't tell this to me to make trouble between us, but he thought I ought to be ready if a calamity was comin'. He was goin' past the baseball grounds one day last week, and there was a game on. I don't say that baseball is as sinful as hoss racin', but I do know, and you have allus said so yourself, that it's one of the paths that lead down to perdition. The players yell and whoop and swear and drink beer, and sometimes the game ends in a fight. Moses didn't think of goin' in, especially as the price was two shillin's admittance, and he was turnin' away from temptation when he saw you. You was standin' up to the fence and lookin' through a knot hole, and he called your name seven times without your hearin' him. "Moses almost cried when he told me of it. He said the next thing would be a hoss race unless you got hold of yourself, and the next after that would be a grand crash. You can't go on this way, Zadok--you can't do it. I ain't sayin' you've come to any great harm yet, though I notice you pick out the shortest chapters in the Bible for family prayers. Do you realize that Satan is after you?" The hen had got under the gate and gone, but Mr. Dolby had become interested in two hogs in the street. Both wanted the same mudhole for a bed, and a fight was imminent to see which should have possession. Mr. Dolby's sympathies were with the spotted hog, and he took no heed of the woman behind him. She didn't seem to expect him to, but after a couple of minutes feelingly observed: "There's one thing more, Zadok, and I'm bound to tell you of it. One evenin' last week when you was milkin' the cow and I was in the barn lookin' for eggs I heard somethin' go 'spat,' and I looked out to find you in a heap on the ground. The cow had kicked you over. You got up and grabbed a piece of fence rail, and you lambasted her nine times, and every time you lambasted you jumped out a word. I don't know what it was, as I had my ears stopped up, but I know it wasn't 'sugar.' You was still mad when you come into the house, and you kicked the cat and elicited your teeth together. Zadok Dolby, the time has come when I must know what you mean to do. Are you goin' to keep right on this way and bring up in the fire and brimstone at last or are you goin' to stop where you are and become a livin' example of goodness again? I want a plain answer." She didn't get it, however. The hog-fight was on, and Mr. Dolby was mentally cheering the spotted one to victory, and he didn't even hear the question. The scrap lasted about three minutes, with victory perching on the banner of the better porker, and when it was concluded Mr. Dolby arose with a yawn, brushed a fly off his nose and sauntered out into the garden to see how the tomato plants were coming on. M. QUAD.



Juvenile Logic.

Little Ethel--No, I shall never marry, and I intend to bring up all my children not to marry either.

His Plan. City Man--Yes; we all need a rest once in awhile. Farmer--So we do, young man. An' if some of you city folks'd foller my plan an' take yer rest from 9 at night till 4 in the mornin' you'd be a deal better off.--Puck.

Ambiguous. "What I am afraid of," said Miss Primly, shaking her head roguishly, "is the man I married would not love me when I am old." "If he loved you when he married you," said Miss Candid, "he would."

First Letter Post. The first letter post was established among the Hanse towns of Germany about the year 1270. Posts were first heard of in England in the reign of Edward I.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some Warm Items From a Decidedly Torrid Town.

[Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.] Repairs to the Hellso Opera House will begin next month. It is expected that at least a thousand bullets will be found in the walls and ceilings.

Benches and chairs have been placed in our private editorial graveyard and the park thrown open to the public, and it makes a cool and quiet spot for the weary to sit and meditate.

Giveadam Gulch may be a little slow on colleges, churches and high teas, but a careful inspection of the inhabitants proves that we have not got a baldheaded or a bowlegged man among us.

Jim Henderson, who passed the winter in a cave in the mountains and lived on wolf meat for four months, is eating grass and chewing cactus roots to familiarize his stomach with the dainties of civilization.

The people of Lone Jack were at considerable trouble last week to bring together two individuals named Tarantula Jack and Thunderbolt Sam.



TARANTULA JACK AND THUNDERBOLT SAM. tula Jack and Thunderbolt Sam, but the only result of the meeting was that the two men took a drink in company and talked over the old days when a holy terror didn't have to pay for his own whisky. The Lone Jackers were so indignant that they rose up in their wrath and drove them out of town. M. QUAD.

Unpleasant For Both. An Irishman whose face was so plain that his friends used to tell him it was an offense to the landscape happened also to be as poor as he was homely. One day a neighbor met him and asked: "How are you, Pat?" "Mighty bad! Sure, 'tis starvation that's starin' me in the face." "Begorra," exclaimed his neighbor sympathetically, "it can't be pleasant for either of yez!"

As He Called It. "But why," asked the man who always wants to know--"why do you call that little jump you make from a tower into the water a 'leap for life'? They tell me it is not at all dangerous." "Well," replied the "artist," "don't I make me livin' by it?"

Undisputed Points. Attorney For the Defense--You are a blackguard and a bluff, sir! Attorney For the Prosecution--And you, sir, are a shyster and a rogue! The Court--Come, come, gentlemen, let us get down to the disputed points of this case.

Should Keep Out of the Draft. First South American--Ah, good afternoon, senior. Looks like a revolution. Second South American--Yes; I've been predicting one for several days. My rheumatism always bothers me just before such changes.

Left Helpless. Mrs. Brown--So your girl has left you? What for, for mercy's sake? Mrs. Black--Absolutely for nothing. Mrs. Brown--Oh, that's it? I remember you told me she wouldn't leave you for anything.

Worse. "So Smith acted as judge?" "At a church raffle. Foolish man!" "No, no; not at a church raffle--at a baby show." "Idiot!"

Too Democratic. "They've given up the Authors' club." "Why?" "Everybody who had written a historical novel was eligible, and they found it wasn't going to be exclusive enough."

The Principal Meal. The principal meal of all people of all ages has been undoubtedly dinner, and the lover of old time customs will find it both interesting and entertaining to notice the various changes which have taken place in the etiquette of the dinner table.

THE NEW ARITHMETIC.

M. Quad's Latest Problematic Brain Twisters.

If molasses costs 44 cents per gallon and James drinks three pints of it while returning from the grocery, how much is there left and what is the value of what he drank?

Henry had seven pet rabbits worth 30 cents each until John's yellow dog was turned into the shed with them over night. How much more did Henry lose than John?

There are 250 bumblebees in a nest, and five boys set out to break it up. How many bees are there to a boy? If the five boys tumble over four fences six feet high to get away, what is the total height?

It takes a hog five seconds to get through a hole in the fence into a garden and fifty minutes to find the same hole when a farmer drives him out. What is the difference in time in favor of the hog?

An iceman has twenty daily customers to be served with twenty-five pounds of ice each. Every day he manages to have 100 pounds left after going his rounds. How many pounds would he have left per week. With ice at 40 cents per hundred what would his extra profits be?

A boy with four teeth to be pulled yells seven times for every tooth taken out. How many yells in all? He meets forty boys during the day and brags to each one that it never hurt a bit. How many more boys than teeth?

A tramp is crossing a field at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and a farmer's bull is after him at the rate of thirty. The distance to the nearest fence is one-fourth of a mile. At what point will the tramp be overtaken if he doesn't grow wings and take to the air? M. QUAD.

Better Work Lately. A very homely man in Chicago has a very pretty daughter. One day she was sitting on his knee right before a looking glass. She contemplated the reflection of their two faces and then asked, "Papa, did God make me?" "Yes, dear," he replied. "And did he make you?" "Yes." Looking again in the mirror, she drew a long breath and rejoined, "He must be turnin' out better work lately, isn't he?"--Metaphysical Magazine.

Made That Soothed Not. The guest came down to breakfast sleepy and wild eyed, but the hotel proprietor cheerfully queried: "Did you enjoy the flute playing in the room next to you last night?" "Enjoy it? I spent half the night pounding on the wall for the idiot to stop." "Goodness! Why, Herr Willer told me that he played over all the tunes he knew four times because the person in the next room encored every one."

A Theory. "I wonder why brain work is not better paid?" said the ambitious youth. "That is easily explained," answered Miss Cayenne. "When a man undertakes to do brain work for a living, there is no way of catching him if he idles his time away. Even the X rays won't show whether he is working his brain or not. As a result employers grow suspicious."

An Important Detail. "It's just a hundred years," said Mr. Biggerson, "since men first began wearing trousers."

And Now He's Sorry. "She got even with him for buying such an expensive panama hat after all." "How?" "Why, she put a bow and feather on it and wears it herself."--Philadelphia Bulletin.

To Save Time. "Judge," said the colored prisoner, "is I expected fer tell de truth?" "Of course you are!" "Well, then, des go ahead en sentence me fust!"--Atlanta Constitution.

Unavoidable. "Do you like to dine in these cheap restaurants?" "No, but I have to in order to have money enough left to tip the waiter."--New York Journal.

English Land Tenures. Some of the English tenures are exceedingly curious. A farm near Broadhouse, in Yorkshire, pays annually to the landlord a snowball in midsummer and a red rose at Christmas. The manor of Poston is held by a rental of two arrows and a loaf of bread.

The Worst Kind. "Rose and Mabel have never spoken since they took part in the private theatricals." "Professional jealousy?" "Worse than that--amateur jealousy."

Vacation Time.

Hey for the out of town summer resort! Hey for the place where the lucky disappear! Hey for the mountain and hey for the lake! Hey for the earwig, the ant and the snake! Hey for the beds that are lumpy and rough! Hey for the beefsteak so horribly tough! Hey for the skeeters, the chiggers and flies! Hey for the joys that the country supplies!

Think of the bliss that we shortly shall know! Think of the blisters we'll get when we row! Think of the blossoms in the woodlands so gay! Think of the hours we'll find in a day! Think how at dawn rise the cackles and crows! Think of the skin that will peel from your nose! Think of all this while beginning to pack! Think how blamed glad we shall be to get back!

Sad is their lot who in town here must stay. Getting their eggs and milk fresh each day. Getting fresh fruits, also fresh garden peas. Going to shows their dull hours to pass. Blighted with bathtubs, tormented with ice. Cursed with all comforts not barred by the price! It is sad to reflect that they're missing the sport. That we lucky ones get at the summer resort. --Chicago News.



Fine Work. Sport--Say, you can't fish there. You won't get a bite! Mulduckle--Whist, now, don't you know all the fishes will flock under here to get in out of the rain?

A Division of Labor. Mike--How much further does the sign say it is to Noo York, Patsy? Pat--Twenty molles. Mike--Well, that's only tin molles apiece.--Judge.

Easily Adjusted. "I have come to the city with my son, who is about to enter the law school. The first thing is to find a boarding place. Do you know any place that you can recommend?" "Well, not near the law school. But I know a good place near the medical school." "Indeed. Then I'll have him study medicine."

Hard to Satisfy. She--You will love me always, won't you, dear? He--Always, darling. She (petulantly)--Oh-- He--What in the world is the matter? She--Why on earth don't you say twice as long as always?

Proof Positive.



He--I should like women better if they weren't so fond of contradicting. She--But they aren't!

Brooms. When buying a broom, test it by pressing the edge against the floor. If the straws bristle out and bend, the broom is a poor one, for they should remain in a solid, firm mass.

Made Them Bad Boys. "Too severe education" is gravely reported as having caused 2 per cent of the bad boys in Tokyo reformatory to be sent there.

A Popular Bit of Music. Mr. Grove composed the famous "Glee" which waits merely for his children and had such a poor opinion of its merits that he sold the copyright to Metzler for a few pounds. The publisher cleared over \$75,000.

A GIRL OF GRIT.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Copyright by R. F. Fenno & Co.

"They couldn't take the captain, not by force, in broad daylight, and he wouldn't be likely to go of his own accord."

"True for you, Snayzer. I'm in hope they'll just stay where they are, thinking to weary us out. However, they may stay a little too long. Now, I'm for the shore, and I shall take Joe."

The major was away for a good hour, and he came back alone. He had left Joe on the watch, with one or two signals arranged to keep us up to the time of day. If the yacht moved her berth, he was to wave his cap; if she sent a boat ashore, his handkerchief, and so on.

"They're not very comfortable on board," the major said. "Got a man at the masthead on the lookout, and I fancy he can see our smoke. Their fires are banked. Should not be surprised if they tried to run for it after dark. We must be on the alert, ready to give chase, or they may get away again."

"You'll wait to take the boy off, I hope?" I was anxious about Joe, not wishing he should come to harm.

"That's all right. He understands. If we have to leave in a hurry, he's to make the best of his way back to England on his own account. I gave him money and explained. No fear of him."

We got no sign from him the whole of that afternoon and evening. The time passed quickly enough, for the major and I talked all the time of what we thought to do and how we should do it. The boldest plan pleased us best, and we meant to row straight for the yacht with all hands, picking up Joe by the way, board her and trust to luck and bounce for the rest.

Night came about 8 o'clock, dark and starless. It was best to get to work right away, and we were to start about 9. But a little before that we heard shots and the noise of a rumpus, faint, but distinct, in the distance. Something was up, certain sure, and in the direction of the bay, for the sounds came from the yacht.

"Better not poke our noses into any row, not till we're driven to it," the major said quietly. "The night's young yet. We've got it all before us."

So we waited half an hour, and were on the point of starting out on an expedition when we heard a sound of oars approaching.

What could it mean?

Then came a low "Hello! Jacob Silverton aho!" in Joe's voice, and he was soon alongside, in a boat that belonged to the Fleur-de-Lis. He said so, anyway, and we were bound to believe him, although it was a confoundedly queer story.

While he waited among the rocks he still kept his lookout on the yacht. Although it had fallen dark, he could make out her hull on the water plainly; there were lights, too, aboard, with streaks and reflections strong enough to show up parts of her.

Suddenly he saw a figure dropping out of the stern into the yacht's dingey, which seemed to have been put there on purpose, and which, anyway, was quickly cast adrift, for it floated slowly and silently away. The tide was making into the bay, and she must have been caught on the current, which carried her ashore. Half way to the land the figure, which had no doubt been crouching in the bottom, out of sight, got up on to the thwart and began pulling like mad.

Joe soon made up his mind. He must know more about this boat and the man in it; so he got up on to the top of the rocks, where there was a better surface, and ran all he knew to the head of the bay, following the sound of the oars and getting a squint now and again of the black smudge of the dingey. He came upon it at last, high and dry on the shore.

But the man was gone.

Joe was a smart nipper; he knew what he had to do, and that was to



He saw a figure dropping out of the stern into the yacht's dingey.

pass on his news to us. The quickest way would be to row out in the dingey; so he ran her back into the water and

pulled out to the sea, coasting the far side and giving the yacht a wide berth. When almost off it, a fierce row broke out aboard. Six shooters were let off, several shots, pretty quickly followed by yells and curses. Joe saw that the disturbance was heard on shore; lights began to dance about in the village, and the alarm was given.

"They'll soon have the gendarmes on their backs. Now's our time. We'll go the dingey back; it will be an excuse for getting on board," said the major. "Sharn's the word, skipper. Man the boat, every soul you can spare, cast loose and give way."

A shore boat was already alongside when we got to the yacht; it had brought the authorities, for when we hailed the answer came in French to keep off, that the police were in charge, and if we had anything to say it must be by daylight.

"Anyway, we'd better bring the tug into the bay and lie close handy against the morning," I suggested, and the advice was considered good, although the skipper did not much like the job of entering a strange place in the dead of night.

There were more difficulties made next day, and it was quite late before the major and I set foot on the Fleur-de-Lis. Some more big French toads had come off from shore—a magistrate, one or two doctors, and an officer of gendarmes—and they had begun a "verbal process," as it is called; for there had been wounding and attempted murder, so they said, on board the yacht.

The long and the short of it was that the rogues had fallen out among themselves; with good reason, too, from the point of view of some of them. McQuake, the colonel from Klondike, had fallen out with Lawford for assisting our captain to escape from the yacht, and loosed off at him directly Wood was missed. He was a quick shooter and had pretty well filled Lawford up with lead, so full that it might go hard with him.

But, at his own request, they let Major Thornhill have some talk with him, in which a little light was thrown on recent proceedings. William Wood has been brought thus far in the Fleur-de-Lis, a close prisoner, but by Lawford's help had broken out and got to shore in the dingey. He, of course, was the man Joe had seen.

Questioned as to the confidential papers, and whether they were on board, Lawford shook his head.

"The duke has stuck to them. There's money in them, a big pile, and he's crossing the pond by tomorrow's mail to sell them to Uncle Sam. Guess you won't overtake him, and if you try to stop him on landing he'll have the American government on his side. They're hungering for those papers, you bet."

"You are positive they are not here?" insisted Thornhill.

"Don't I tell you? I'm likely to get nothing more from this crowd except my death, and it's to my advantage to serve the other side. If you want those papers, you must look for them on the Chattahoochee, and she leaves Southampton tomorrow (Sunday) morning."

It was now only the afternoon of Saturday, and we might have done it well starting back full steam ahead at once. But French police and French lawyers are a sight slower and more interfering than the British, and they wanted all of us to sign a new "verbal process" all about ourselves. The formalities were not completed by Sunday morning, and by the time we were ready to start for England the Chattahoochee must have already left the Solent.

We made, therefore, for Weymouth, the nearest point, and landed late that night. Thence the major and I took the cars for London, neither of us remarkably happy, for the whole blooming business was more or less of a fizzle.

CHAPTER X.

CAPTAIN WOOD RESUMES.

After an interminable drive, still bound and gagged, I at last found myself on a narrow bed, probably a cabin berth. The motion, the noises, the odors around, soon satisfied me that I was on shipboard and at sea. I must have been in a state of semi-stupor, the result of ill usage and want of food, for I only roused myself with difficulty on hearing my name called aloud. I realized then that my bonds had been cast loose; there was no gag in my mouth; I was so far free that I could use my limbs and speak if I choose. I was in a small cabin, only dimly lighted through the closed port; but it was still daylight, and from the wash against the side I knew that the craft, whatever it might be, was in the open sea.

Three men were in the small cabin, crowding up and filling it completely. Two stood over me, one of whom I recognized as Lawford, the American, and when I saw his face I realized how deep laid was the plot against me. Behind was a third, a coffee colored negro, who took no part in the proceedings, except to show his white teeth in a truculent grin from time to time when reference was made to him.

The spokesman was a tall, thin, lantern jawed man, with a goatee beard and a big slouch hat. His accent was strongly corroborative of the land he hailed from.

(To be Continued.)

ZEB WHITE'S TALES.

HE IS UNEXPECTEDLY ELECTED TO THE TENNESSEE LEGISLATURE.

Leaves His Home to Attend a Session at the Statehouse—Takes His Wife With Him and Has a Queer Experience—Why He Resigned.

[Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.]

IT was ten or twelve years ago," began the old possum hunter of Tennessee, "when our member of the legislature turned ag'in moonshine whisky."

"That meant that somebody else must be lected in his place, and what did the pesky people around yere do but come to me and want me to stand! They come to my cabin a dozen at a time, and they shook hands and called me an honest man and all that, and the mo' I hung back the mo' they wanted me to run. When they got me into a tight co'ner, I says:

"I can't skassy read, and I can't skassy write, and I can't git up befo' that legislachur and speak ten words, and what good could I do down to Nashville? Besides, I hain't got no



"WE WAS OUT OF THAT TOWN OF NASHVILLE BEFO' SUNDOWN."

good clothes, and thar wouldn't be nobody to talk about b'ars and wildcats with me, and I'd be as lonesome as a sick coon in a holler tree. Then thar's the old woman. If she went along with me, they'd make fun of her, and if she stayed yere she'd be all alone. I'm fur moonshine whisky, as yo' all know, but I can't take no office."

"They pertended to give in at that, but what did the critters do but put me up to be voted fur when the time come, and the fust thing I knowed I was lected by 400 majority! When I heard the news, I told it to the old woman and said:

"Waal, what am I gwine to do about it? I've either got to hunt fur a cave and hole myself up or go down to Nashville."

"Yo'll go to Nashville," says she.

"And what'll yo' do?"

"I'll go with yo', I've bin thinkin' this thing over, Zeb. Thar is sich a thing as Providence, and Providence appears to have picked yo' out to go down to Nashville and keep them critters from incuragin' the revnoo ag'in moonshine whisky. I don't know how yo' ar' gwine to do it, but as Providence has helped yo' out when yo' was tackled by b'ars and wildcats and roarin' bulls it will help yo' out now. When we once git down thar, Providence will p'int the way, and we will foller."

"I felt purty skeery about it," said Zeb, "but the old woman talked so bold that I made up my mind to give it a try. Heaps of critters come around and encouraged me and offered to lend me money, but I didn't borrow a dollar. Coons and possums was plentiful that fall, and I sold 'nuff pelts to pay our railroad fare down to Nashville. We didn't hev very good clothes, but when I spoke to the old woman about it she said:

"Zeb, we ar' jest poor and honest people. We ain't gwine down to Nashville to swell around, but to be very humble and to do the best we kin. We'll jest put on our Sunday clothes and let it go at that. If anybody don't like our looks, they kin look the t'other way."

"Waal, we started off one day and got aboard of the railroad kyars. I was a leetle nervous, and the old woman braced her feet and hung on with her hands, but we got along without any calamity. It, about an hour, when she dared to open her eyes and draw her breath, she says to me:

"Zeb, how many houses hev yo' seen since we left home?"

"More'n a hundred," says I.

"And how many people?"

"More'n a thousand."

"Shoo! Then we must hev got clear around the world and back home ag'in."

"When we got down to Nashville, thar was so many people and so many houses and such a movin' around that I got the old woman behind me and prepared to fight to the death, but not a critter laid hands on us. Some of 'em laughed at my cowlid boots and some of 'em grinned at the old woman's poke bonnet, but everything was good natured. We went to a tavern to get board, and when the old woman seen the carpets on the floors, the stuf cheers standin' around and the lookin'

glasses as big as a tablecloth she turns pale and puts her arms around me and says:

"Zeb, I kin now see why thar ar' so many sinners in this world. If a critter kin hev all these things, he don't keer a pesky drat about gwine to heaven. I'm afeared we'll be bad 'nuff to steal haws in a week."

"Thar was a good deal of winkin' and smilin' around that tavern," said Zeb, "and I was skeert and mad and nervous all the time, but I hung on and said words to brace the old woman up. At the end of three days the legislachur opened, and I had to go up to the statehouse. Lorly, stranger, but I'd rather tackled three old b'ars to once. I had gooselish as I struck that crowd, and the old woman wasn't around to encourage me. I went into the statehouse with the crowd, and I'd just found a seat when a feller comes around and says:

"Excuse me, but ain't that a rifle yo've got thar?"

"She be," says I. "It's a rifle which has killed mo' b'ars and wildcats than yo' could count in an hour, and she's still ready fur the next varmint."

"But yo' can't bring no deadly weepins in yere," he goes on. "This ain't no jumpin' match nor boss race, but the legislachur of Tennessee."

"I told him I knowed whar I was, but that I should keep tight holt of that rifle till I knowed I was out of the woods, and he goes away growlin' to himself. Mebbe it was half an hour arter that when a feller stands up on a platform and looks at me and says:

"Does the honorable member from Beaver Cove expect to find any b'ars on the floor of this house?"

"I ain't sayin' as I do," I answers. "But if thar is a riot over moonshine whisky I might want sunthin better than a club."

"With that they all laughs and begins to pick on me. One asks if I bring my dog along, another moves that I git up and tell a b'ar story, a third wants a pattern of my coonskin cap, and so it goes for ten minits. Bimeby that same feller stood up ag'in and says, as slick as yo' please:

"Mebbe the honorable member from Beaver Cove would like to be excused for half an hour while he takes his gun home?"

"Do any critter yere want to pick a fuss with Zeb White?" says I as I stands up.

"Everybody laughs and claps his hands, but no one comes nigh me, and I puts on my cap, shoulders my rifle and says as I walks out:

"It's an onery crowd, and thar ain't a man among yo' who kin pull a rabbit out of a holler log."

"I went straight to the tavern, and thar I found the old woman shiverin' and shakin' fur her life."

"What's the matter?" says I.

"They've put pillerences trimmed with lace on our bed," says she, "and the gorgeoussness of it will bring on heart disease. Zeb, fur the Lawd's sake, let's go back home!"

"But I'm yere to watch moonshine," says I.

"Never mind moonshine nur nuthin' else on the face of this alrth, but let's be a-gittin'. This world ain't fur us, Zeb. We is like two lost children wanderin' through the woods and expectin' to be eat up any minit, and I'm so skeert and frustrated that I shan't live two days longer. Zeb, if yo' love me, come home."

"I'll do it," says I, and she got on her poke, packed our carpetbag, and we was out of that town of Nashville befo' sundown, never to go back."

M. QUAD.

Helpless.



The Bore—Haven't I met you somewhere before?

The Other Man—If you have, it was entirely unintentional on my part. I assure you.—New York Journal.

In the Beehive.

In the beehive proper there are three personages—the queen, the worker bee and the drone. The queen is of first and greatest importance. She is a fully developed female and is the mother of all the bees in her hive.

Torn Umbrellas.

A good idea for mending a hole in an umbrella is to stick on very firmly black courtplaster inside the cover. This is not so much seen as a darning.

Nurses' Experience.

Medical men say that a good nurse in a difficult case is better than medicine, but when we get a good nurse and good medicine, the patient stands a much better chance of recovery. The few words of advice given below by nurse Eliza King, are well worthy the attention of all readers:

"I have constantly used St. Jacobs Oil in the various situations I have occupied as nurse, and have invariably found it excellent in all cases requiring outward application, such as sprains, bruises, rheumatic affections, neuralgia, etc. In cases of pleurisy it is an excellent remedy—well rubbed in. I can strongly recommend it after several years' use and experience. It should be in every household."

Sister Carolina, St. Andrew's Hospital, writes: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil a most efficacious remedy in gout; also in sprains and bruises. Indeed, we cannot say too much in its praise, and our doctor is ordering it constantly."

Sir John Elley, who was Wellington's adviser at Waterloo, was the first British private to become a full general and a knight.

The record price for a clock is £33,600 paid for the clock made by Louis XXI. of France. It was purchased by one of the Rothschilds.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

For Weak, Sickly and Fretful Children of All Ages.

If the children's digestive organs are all right, the children are all right. They will be hearty, rosy, happy—and hungry. Get the little ones right, and keep them right by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine cures all stomach and bowel troubles, nervousness, irritation while teething, etc. These Tablets contain no opiate or poisonous drugs and mothers who try them once will not be without them while they have little ones. Mrs. D. E. Badgley, Woodmore, Man., says: "When our little girl was about six months old she caught a bad cold, and was much troubled with indigestion and constipation, and very restless both day and night. One of my neighbors brought me some Baby's Own Tablets and in a few days my little one was regular in her bowels and rested well. I found the Tablets so satisfactory that I now always keep them in the house and have since found them valuable when she was teething. I can truly recommend them for the ills of little ones."

Children take these Tablets readily, and crushed to a powder they can be given with absolute safety to the smallest infant. The Tablets can be obtained at all drug stores, or you can get them post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

There are 4,615 dentists in the United Kingdom, or about 1 to every 8 doctors.

Canada has most holidays of any British colony. Including Sundays, Canadians have 95 holidays yearly.

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Yellow is the only flower-color which is not changed by the fumes of sulphuric acid.

There are 400 sorts of humming birds known to naturalists. They are found only in America.

Frensham Great Pond, in Surrey, covers over 100 acres, and is the largest artificial pond in England.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaints, and find Farnes's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste."

The New River brings water from the Chadwell Springs, in Hertfordshire.

The Australian talegalla is the only bird which leaves its nest full-fledged.

Earthquake shocks travel as a rule, at a pace of about 16,000 feet per second.

The total income of Oxford University is about £410,000, and of Cambridge £350,000.

The barometer rises higher at Irkutsk, in Siberia, than anywhere else in the world.

Quite Romantic.

Miss Gaygri—Did you say you have lived in New Mexico all your life?

Mrs. Hanson—Yes.

Miss G.—And been married five times?

Mrs. H.—Yes.

Miss G.—Ever divorced?

Mrs. H.—No; husbands all shot.

Miss G.—(reasonably)—How romantic!

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The Local Improvement Ordinance Northwest Territories.

Notice is hereby given that under the provisions of Section 66 of the Local Improvement Ordinance, the Honorable Mr. Justice Scott has appointed Thursday the 20th day of November, 1902, at ten o'clock a. m. at the Court Room in Edmonton for the holding of a Court for confirmation of the returns made under the provisions of Section 65 of the Local Improvement Ordinance in respect of the following Local Improvement Districts, viz:

Local Improvement Districts Nos. 2, 17, 21, 22, 24, 30, 31, 35, 38, 42, 44, 45, 48, 52, 55, 69, 73, 159, 226, 228, 231, 240, 255, 401, 403, 405, 407, 422, 424, 434, 446, 451, 458, and 485.

Dated at Regina this 3rd. day of September, 1902.

J. S. DENNIS,
Deputy Commissioner of Public Works.

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1/2 sec. 22, 42, 26, per acre . . \$7
nw 1/4 2, 42, 25, per acre . . \$5
E 1/2 7, 42, 26, per acre . . \$5
Several lots in Morningside.
Good house and lot, Chipman avenue. . . \$400.
Splendid ranch near Buffalo lake, cattle horses, implements, buildings &c. \$1150.
5 lots, Smith avenue. \$425.
A1 lot, Smith avenue. \$20.
Lot with good bldg. Railway street. . . \$450
2 good lots, 1 corner, Chipman avenue. . . \$225.
Corner lot, Railway St., Morningside. . . \$150.

TO RENT.

2 good Farms close to town.
Several small dwellings in town.

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PONOKA

Reasonable prices. Easy terms. General managers Oser, Hammond & Nanton, Winnipeg. C. S. Lott, Calgary, Agent.

For maps, prices, etc. apply to

T. J. WEST,
C. P.R.A., Ponoka.

Merchants Bank of Canada

Head office: MONTREAL.

Capital (paid up) - \$5,000,000.
Reserve Fund - \$2,600,000

LACOMBE BRANCH.

Interest allowed on Deposits.

A general Banking Business

R. TAYLOR, Mgr.

THE PONOKA

Saw Mill.

Now in Operation for the Season.

..CUSTOM SAWING..

Five Dollars per Thousand.

Patronize home industry by
buying your lumber at the
Ponoka Saw mill.

Be sure to bring your Permits &
We cannot saw your logs without.

Loewen & Co., Proprietors.

Are You

GOING TO

Paint?

Painting and Paperhanging is my profession and I guarantee all my work. I have located permanently in Ponoka and solicit a share of the work in my line.

My Prices are Right.

J. F. SULLIVAN

PONOKA.

Stoves! Stoves!

COOK STOVES.
BOX STOVES.
Air-Tight Heaters

All kinds of tin work and repairing done promptly.

...R. K. ALLAN.

New Bakery

In J. B. Barr's House South End Railway St.

Best Bread,
Pastry, Fruit.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

..Jacob Smith.

STARKEY & CO.

Guarantee their work
In all lines of....

General & Blacksmithing.

Best Equipped Shop in the village.
Years of Experience in our Line

City Livery

...Feed and Sale Stable.

GOVERNMENT LAND GUIDE for the Ponoka District.

W. N. TRIMBLE PONOKA.

A Large Supply of
FLOUR pure **SALT**
Just to Hand.

Prices as Low as the Lowest.

Highest Market Price Paid
for GRAIN and HAY....

All kinds of FEED.

McGillivray &
Herrick.

For Good Health

To preserve or restore it there is no better prescription for men, women and children than Ripan's Tablets. They are easy to take. They are made of a combination of medicines approved and used by every physician. Ripan's Tablets are widely used by all sorts of people—but to the plain, everyday folks they are a veritable friend in need. Ripan's tablets have become their standard family remedy. They are a dependable honest remedy with a long and successful record, to cure indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, flatulency, palpitation of the heart, sleeplessness, muscular rheumatism, sour stomach, bowel and liver complaints. They strengthen weak stomachs, build up run down systems, restore pure blood, good appetite and sound, natural sleep. Everybody derives constant benefit from a regular use of Ripan's Tablets. Your druggist sells them. The 5 cent package is enough for an ordinary occasion. The Family Bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

R. I. P. A. N. S.

..COLE & LINTON..

House and Sign

Painters &
Decorators.

Our prices are reasonable and all our work is guaranteed. Give us your order to paint your building.

A. COLE of J. LINTON.
THE PONOKA PAINTERS

Barber Shop:::

Next door to Case's Shop.

Eight Shaves \$1.00,

Hair Cut 25c.

JAKE HUBER,
Proprietor.